A moſt excellent Ballad of an Old Man and his Wife,

VVho in their want and miſery ſought to their Children for ſuccour, by whom they were diſdained, and ſcornfully ſent them away ſuccourleſs, and Gods vengeance ſhewed on them for the ſame. Tune of, *Priſcilla.*

IT was an Old man and his Poor Wife,
in great diſtreſs did liue,
They were ſo feeble with age God wot,
they could not work at all:
A Gallant Son they had
which liued wealthily,
To him they went with a full intent,
to eaſe their miſery:
Alack and alas for woe.

A hundred miles when they had gone,
with many a weary ſtep,
At length they ſaw their Sons faire houſe,
which made their hearts to leap,
They ſat them on the Green
their Roſe and Shoes to trim,
They put their hands about their Necks,
againſt they ſhould enter in:
Alack, &c.

Unto the Door with trembling Joynts
when theſe Old couple came,
The Woman with a ſhaking hand,
the Old Man blind and lame:
Full mannerly they knockt,
fearing for to offend,
At laſt their Son frowningly came,
unto them in the end;
Alack, &c.

Good folks, qd he, what would you haue?
methinks you are too bold,
Why get you not home to your own Country
now you are lame and old:
With that they both reply'd,
with ſorrow, care and grief,
Here are we come to thee our ſon,
for ſuccour and relief:
Alack and alas for woe.

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THis is thy Father gentle Son,
and I thy loving Mother,
That brought thee up so tenderly,
and lov'd thee above all other,
I bore thee in my womb,
these breasts did nourish thee,
And as it chanc'd, I often danc'd,
thee on my tender knee;
Alack and alas for woe.

And humbly now we intreat
our dear and loving Son,
That thou wilt do for us in our age,
as we for you have done:
Now nay not so, he said,
your suit is all in vain,
'Tis best for you I tell you true,
to get you home again:
Alack, &c.

The worlds not now as when I was born,
all things are grown more dear,
My charge of children like wise is great,
as plainly doth appear,
The best that I can do,
will hardly them maintain,
Therefore I say, be packing away,
and get you hame again.
Alack, &c.

The old man with his Hat in his hand,
full many a Leg did make,
The woman wept and wrung her hands,
and pray'd for Christ his sake,
Not so to send them back,
distressed and undone,
But let us lye in some Barn here by,
Quoth she, my loving Son:

By no means he would thereto consent
but sent them soon away,
Quoth he, you know the peril of the Law,
if long time here you stay,
The Stocks and Whiping-post
shall fall unto your share,
Then take you heed, and with all speed
to your Country repair.
Alack, &c.

Away then went this [illegible]
full sad in heart and mind,
With weeping tears his Wife did lament,
their Son was so unkind:
Thou wicked Wretch, quoth they,
for this thy cruel deed,
The Lord send thee as little pity,
when thou dost stand in need:
Alack, &c.

His Children hearing their Father let
his Parents thus at naught,
In short time after to have his Land,
his death they subtilly wrought:
What cause have we quoth they,
more kindness to express,
Then he unto his Parents did,
in their great wretchedness:
Alack, &c.

They Murdered him in piteous sort,
they weigh'd not his intreats;
The more he pray'd compassionately,
the greater were his threats
Speak not to us quoth they,
for thou the death shalt dye,
And with that word a dagger and sword,
they mangled him monstrously:
Alack, &c.

When they had got his Silver and Gold,
according to their mind,
They buried him in a stinking Ditch
were no man should him find:
But now behold and see
Gods vengeance on them all,
To gain their Gold their Cousin came,
and slew them great and small,
Alack, &c.

He came among them with a great Club
in dead of time of the night,
Yea two of the Sons he brain'd therewith,
and taking of his flight
The Murderer taken was,
and suffered for the same,
Deservedly for that cruelty,
Alack and alas therefore, &c.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passenger.